THE Numb. 26.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From **Friday** September 2, to **Monday** September 5, 1709.

SEv'ral worthy Perſons in the City, who did me the Favour to approve of laſt *Wedneſdays* Paper, and wiſh'd, I had proceeded further in the haughty Deputy's Character, by expoſing his barbarous treatment of two modeſt young Ladies, ſome Years paſt, have hinted to me, that the pragmatical Behaviour of one Purſe-proud Animal, ought not to draw general Scandal on Maſters and Wardens, many of which are eaſy, well meaning good ſort of Claret-drinkers: That this Town does ſo ſwarm with People in Maſquerade, that one hardly knows a Gentleman from his Taylor, a Lady from her Sempſtreſs, or a Merchant's Eldeſt Son from *Dick-Dapper* that ſweeps the Shop; and as Companies Feaſts are generally crouded by Strangers, thoſe in Authority ought to examine Peoples pretences, to prevent their Sons being attack'd by Gam'ſters, and their Daughters drawn away by a notorious Gang of Fortune-hunters, but in ſo courteous and obliging a manner, that they happen not to affront People of Condition, ſince the ſame gay appearance all ſorts make in Publick, prevents diſtinguiſhing thoſe of Subſtance and true Merit, from impertinent Pretenders and deſigning Paraſites. There are, indeed, a numerous ſet of People, *Younger Brothers that have ſmall Annuities, Attorneys Clerks, and Judges Train-bearers, nay, ev'n Hackney-Writers, Book-keepers, and Dancing-Maſters 'Prentices*, whoſe Faces are as well known at City-Feaſts, as the Aldermen's, they in a manner *Board* with Mayors and Sherriffs, very ſerenely ſhare in the Diverſions, and their conſtant Attendance makes the Beadles think, they have a right *to eat Cuſtard*, and give 'em free Admiſſion. Amongſt the reſt, Beau *May-pole*, the ſtalking Poetaſter of *Tom's* Coffee-houſe, who, tho he has neither Relation, Friend or Acquaintance in the City, has not miſs'd one Lord Mayor's Day, or *Eaſter* Entertainment for ſeven Years paſt, tho he ſeldom goes a *Volunteering, to pay five Guineas for a Fifteen Shilling gilt Spoon.* He's a Fellow that *Cocks his Chin* the moſt Phyloſophically imaginable; he places him at the upper end of the Table, next ſome Deputy Grocer, talks to him about *Bononcini's Camilla*, aſks his Opinion of the *Tale of a Tub*, and preſents him with the *Latin Muſcipula.* Mr. *Reaſon* thinks him a fine Perſonage, and a Man of prodigious Learning, like *Don Cholorick* in the Play, who, tho' he underſtands not *Greek*, admires the ſound of it, and invites him the next Day to eat ſome *white Sugar-Candy*, and *new Barrel Figs*; he ſends his Service to ev'ry Alderman, they riſe while he Drinks. pay homage to his full bottom Wig, and enquire of one another who he is, but no body knows; one fancies him to be Member of Parliament for *Gotama*, another remembers him at St *James's*, talking to one o' the Yeomen of the Guard, and a third ſaw him in a Coach with a Coronet; at laſt by his fine Complexion and graceful Appearance, they conclude him no leſs than a *Venetian Count*, return his Compliment, and deſire to know whether his Honour pleaſes to have any thing at that Table.——*A Count!*——Their Wives are not able to eat a bit more. *Dear Nincompoop*, preſent our *Deborah* to the *Count*, I'd give any thing to have *Deborah* Dance with Quality; and the three fantaſtick Siſters that no body loves, with their crimpt Heads buryed in their black Hair, their broad Shoulders, and ſhort Necks, were ready to fight for him; he's as officious to ſerve the Ladies, as if he were Maſter of the Feaſt, and the Ladies are as officious to be obliged by him; he tells Mrs. *Fribble* the *Haberdaſher's* Wife, that my Lady Dutcheſs loſt Fifty Guineas at *Baſſet*; ſhe enquires what County *Baſſet* is in; when he tells her *Margaretta* perform'd like an Angel, ſhe asks him, whether ſhe ſung *Panthea*, for that Expreſſion, *The Touch is all in all*, raviſhes her beyond any thing ſhe ever heard. Dinner once over, the Beaus and Ladies a little adjuſted, and the City Quality diſpos'd in a formal Semi Circle, *Count Cock chin*, with *his Crane's Neck* and *his Foot ſet out*, and Mrs. *Languiſh* with *her ſleepy Eye, her Lip dropt*, and *one Shoe unbuckl'd*, begun *French* Dances; they mov'd moſt regularly out of Tune, were exact in one another's affected Steps, and when the Performance was over, 'twas pronounc'd infinitely finer than *L' Abbe* and Mrs. *Saintlow:* In ſhort, the *Count* has a wonderful Reputation there, which encourages other Fellows aſſurance; and as he ſurprizes the City with things they don't underſtand, he diverts the Court with praiſing City Breeding and City Entertainments, which proves he has no Underſtanding himſelf, but his Poetry is his chief Perfection; he has a Genius for Songs, but can find no Maſter that has a Genius to ſet 'em; he has wrote an *Opera*, but thoſe ſenſeleſs Fellows the *Play'rs* have refus'd it; he has indeed printed ſome things at his own Charge, which his Friends, whom he preſented with 'em, may have read; he's a very great Judge of Plays, ſpeaks his Opinion of all Authors in the Publick Coffee-houſes, and has declar'd, *That the* Modern Prophets *has a prodigious deal of Humour in it, and that the* Plain-Dealer *is but a heavy kind o' buſineſs.*

'Tis as Natural for a Lady to hearken to the tittle-'tattle of her Waſherwoman, as for a Gentleman to 'bear the Politick Nonſenſe of his Barber, who poſi-'tively will talk to you whether you will anſwer him

or

‘ or no; *Gammar Webb* at the *Old Barge Houſe*, who ‘ was a Beauty in *Oliver*'s Days, and might have been ‘ a Fortune, had her Father not ruined himſelf by buy- ‘ ing Church Lands, once a Week entertains me with ‘ her Memoirs: She ſpeaks ſeemingly of the Confuſion ‘ all *Southwark* was in, at the apprehenſion of the *Iriſh*, ‘ and can't find the reaſon of that general Diſturbance ‘ yet, that ſome Years afterwards St *Mary Overy*'s Bells ‘ rung all Night, and no body was in the Steeple; ſhe ‘ has a ſtrong Faith, that People walk after their Deaths, ‘ and tells you of her own knowledge, that *Goody Smith*, ‘ her next Door Neighbour, went the *Monday* after ſhe ‘ was bury'd, to a Merchant's in *Throgmorton-ſtreet*, ‘ brought away the Linnen, waſh'd it, carried it home ‘ again, received the Money, and laid it in her Daugh- ‘ ter *Babb*'s Window, whoſe pains-taking Husband the ‘ barbarous Preſs-Gang had laid hold of, and left the ‘ poor Creature with Six ſmall Children, and Two ‘ more a coming, with ſeveral other memorable Obſer- ‘ vations recorded in the Claſs of Old Women; but ‘ her neweſt Story, which bears date with the Battle ‘ of *Blenheim*, is of a Woman in St *Tuly*'s Pariſh, that ‘ was *ſcolded to Death*, and was ſo reported by the In- ‘ genious Company of Pariſh Clerks; this good Wo- ‘ man, it ſeems, had for many years been as great a ‘ Nuſance to the *Burrough* of *Southwark*, as the Goſſip- ‘ ing Parſon; [which, by the way, the Town have ‘ not yet found out] She gave her Tongue a looſe to ‘ every Body, and no Body had Lungs to contend with ‘ her, except the Draper's Wife, near St *Thomas*'s Hoſ- ‘ pital, who wou'd have given her a Challenge, had ‘ ſhe not been a Gentlewoman, at laſt the Butchers, ‘ Ale-houſe-keepers, and Poulterers Wives, *People that* ‘ *abominate Scolding*, upon the advice of ſeveral Emi- ‘ nent Tongue-Pads, hir'd Six Porters to attack her, ‘ the firſt ſhe knock'd down preſently, the ſecond, ſhe ‘ in a manner plaid with, the third improv'd upon the ‘ matter, the forth grew as tir'd as a Court Lady's ‘ Running Footman, the fifth did heartily vex her, and ‘ the ſixth, by the aſſiſtance of the beſt *Geneva*, ſtood ſo ‘ tightly to his work, and gave her ſuch repeated Vollies ‘ of Defamation, that the *Shrew* actually dropt down ‘ Dead upon the ſpot. The Goſſips in *Bateman* met upon ‘ the matter, can't believe, that talking, which is a ‘ Woman's darling Pleaſure, can be the occaſion of ‘ her Death, and will maintain it, that one *Billings-* ‘ *gate* ſhall out-rattle fifty Porters; tho the Men have ‘ told the Story to their own advantage, and the Peo- ‘ ple of *Southwark* are in as great a Fury, if you enquire ‘ about the Woman that was *ſcolded to Death*, as the ‘ Inhabitants of *Mimms* beyond *Barnet*, if you rally ‘ 'em about *Parſon Bellſwagger*.

The Creditors of Thomas D——ſey, *late of* London *Ballad-Maker, are deſired to meet on Thurſday next at the Cyder Celler in* Covent Garden, *to receive ſome ſtuttering Propoſals about their Debts; he is now writing a Comedy call'd,* The Modern Poets, *which he's aſſured will have Prodigious Succeſs, and probably obtain the Prize, and will make over to 'em the profits of the* Third Night, *provided they pay in Contributions to ſupport him, the mean while his Eſtate is about Forty* Pamphlets, *call'd* Plays, *with an infinite of Underwoods, which he imagines to be* Syricks, Pindaricks, *and what not; being at preſent free from the Scrubbado, he is going his Fiſhing* Promenade, *and has a new Song upon a F——t to gain him Charitable admittance into Great Mens Houſes, thoſe that fail to come will be excluded the firſt Dividend, and his ſecond will be,* Vox, & præteria nihil.

Mrs. Crackenthorpe *deſires her Friends hence forward, when they have any thing to inſert, that they'd direct their Letters to her, at Mrs.* Baldwin's *at the* Oxford Arms *in* Warwick-lane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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*** The Charitable Surgeon: Or, the beſt Remedies for the worſt Maladies, reveal'd; altogether without Mercury, and wholly new in Method and Practice, wherein both Sexes may with privacy and ſmall Charge without any other Advice, or being expoſed to Quacks, cure themſelves of thoſe Diſtempers, which, (if neglected are dangerous as well as Ignominous By T. C. Surgeon. Sold by E. Curl Bookſeller, remov'd to the Dial and Bible againſt St Dunſtans Church in Fleet-ſtreet, Pr. 1 s.

ENgliſh Pills for the Survy, the beſt Purging and puryfying Medicine for the Blood in the World; they carry off all ſharp Salt Humours, takes away Scabs, Blotches, Boyles, Leproſies, and all other Scorbutick Eruptions, of the Skin, eaſe Pains, carry off the Cauſe of Wind Collick, Gripings, Stiches, Hiccups, foul Stuffings, Purſineſs, Wheezings, &c. making the Body chearful, lightſome and eaſy. Is ſold for 3 s. 6 d. the Box, at the Golden Ball in Wine Office Court in Fleet-ſtreet.

THe True Royal Snuff for Purging the Head. It takes away Pains and Aches from thence, Cures Deafneſs, and is very excellent againſt the Megrim, Palſey, Apoplexy, the Evil in the Eyes, or any other Humour in them. Alſo the Gout in the Head, Catarrh or Drippings from the Head upon the Lungs; and will bring away all Mercury that lodgeth in the Head, by taking Bolus's or Pills; or occaſioned by any infectious Trades, as Refiners, Gilders, Plummers, and the like, and very much helps Dimneſs of Sight. Sold Leaonard's Coffee-houſe in Fleet Lane. Pr. 2 s. 6 d. the Box.

THe Hypochondraick Digeſtion Powder for Melancholy and Vavours, the great and miraculous Cures this Medicine has wrought, (as appears by divers Letters and Teſtifications) and the univerſal Reputation it has thereby gained, put the Author on thinking it needleſs any further to publiſh it, but he lately hearing of its being counterfeited, and reports induſtrioufly ſpread, that what is ſold at Jacob's is not the right, obliged him (that the Publick may not be impoſed upon) to give this notice, That the true Medicine, of which ſuch vaſt quantities have been there diſpoſed of, is ſtill (and never will be elſewhere) ſold at Jacob's Coffee-houſe againſt the Angel and Crown Tavern in Threadneedle-ſtreet near the Royal Exchange, ſealed up with Directions at 3 s. 6 d. the Paper, containing ſeveral Doſes; and is aſſuredly for thoſe Diſtempers the only certain Remedy in the whole Republick of Medicines. It immediately appeaſes all the moſt violent and raging Symptoms, and cures even where the Mind is ſo confuſed, Spirits and Senſes hurry'd, as to render the Patient crazed and almoſt diſtracted; for it rectifies the Digeſtive Faculty, expels the Wind, ſettles and compoſes the Head and Spirits, rectifies the ſtagnated Blood and Juices, and diſſolves and removes the Obſtructions, which hinder neceſſary Evacuations and cauſe thoſe Diſtempers, as all Perſons that applies it will happily Experience.

THe Pulmonick Eſſence for all ſorts of Coughs and Colds, being the moſt effectual Medicine ever yet made uſe of; it infallibly curing them in Old or Young, tho never ſo violent or of long ſtanding: It admirably relieves Conſumptions, Aſthmatical, Pthyſical Coughs, and perfectly removes Hoarſneſs, Wheezings, ſhortneſs of Breath, and in ſhort all Diſtempers of the Lungs whatſoever; and not only reſtores and ſtrengthens them, but defends them from Defluxions and Diſtillations of Rheum, which by falling thereon would ſoon cauſe Conſumptions 'Tis exceeding pleaſant and comfortable, and may be taken going abroad in the ſharpeſt Weather, without the leaſt fear or danger of Cold. Is ſold only (to prevent Counterfeits) at Jacob's Coffee-houſe in Threadneedle-ſtreet near the Royal Exchange, London, 1 2 s. the Bottle, ſealed up with Directions.